

Torow Hall Chambers  
32 Boro. High Street  
Southwark, London  
September 8<sup>th</sup> 1881

My dear dear Alice,

I sit down at once  
to answer though briefly  
your truly loving letter.  
I am unable to write more  
on account of my sight  
which is so bad that  
I can hardly see to do  
anything, so a badly written  
letter you must pardon.

I am still at the place  
where I have been so long  
and at present am not  
at all disposed to move.  
I must patiently wait

the leadings of my Lord  
and my God. Because I know  
that He will direct my path  
and order all my goings.  
I am indeed alone and each  
day I seem more desolate. My  
precious husband seems every  
where with me; and now I  
can only look forward to that  
time when once more I shall  
meet him in our Father's Kingdom.  
I have many friends who are  
loving and kind - but none  
as none, can ever fill the  
void in my heart! For 52 years  
we lived in mutual love  
and peace and now he is gone  
all my earthly joy seems  
buried. But the Lord had  
need of him and his work  
on earth was done and all

I can now say. "The will of the  
Lord be done"

I am thankful that you  
are tolerably well and all  
your loved ones. The Lord bless  
and keep each one of you till  
you come to His everlasting  
Kingdom. Give my kind love to  
each one and tell them that their  
dear departed Uncle so often  
spoke of, and prayed for them  
as long as reason remained  
and especially you my dear one  
whom he so loved and cherished  
in his memory - and especially  
his sister - your now sainted  
and honoured Mother.

Dear Sister Sarah keeps so  
well and for her age is a wonder.  
James & Sarah Jane are well. I am  
sorry James put your wrong ad-  
dress. I cannot think how it was  
because his former letters came right



My darling husband has left me  
in comfort as regards worldly  
means - just enough to live upon  
and I shall while I am spared,  
do all that I can for dear Aunt  
Sarah in order, to comfort and  
cheer her declining ~~years~~ years.  
We do not want much - nor do  
we want that little long - but  
what we want is, to live close  
to God and have our life hid  
with Christ our living Head  
and to be one with Him here  
and one with Him in glory.

But I cannot now see and  
fear that this scrawl you will  
hardly make out. Farewell my  
dear niece. Pray for me that I  
may have more and more of the  
Indwelling of the Holy Spirit the  
"Comforter" Write whenever you can.  
Sister Sarah sends tender love.  
Believe me ever.  
Your fond Aunt,  
H. M. Blinston